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FOREBODING

HORTENSE FLEXNER

There is an ache close to the heart of things
This night, and tears are in the air,
A lurking heaviness the far wind brings,
And blows across the grayness of the square.
I do not know—tomorrow will be May,
And yet there is no song, no whispering mirth,
Only a burden left behind the day,
A shadow fallen dimly on the earth.
Is it that Spring, out-done with flowers and light,
Has flung herself upon the grass to rest,
And dreamed, as I, of drouth and storm and blight
On growing things—her gift with fruit unblest,
And waking in the dusk from this strange sleep,
Found in her laughing heart mad tears to weep?

A THOUGHT AFTER TAPS

S. FOSTER DAMON

When we were smiling in our last goodbyes,
I hid your handkerchief deep in my coat;
And then a sudden sickness in my throat
Swept over me, a swift, complete surprise.
That was the first time that I saw your eyes,
The first time that I felt their tender note
Making the entire world grow dim, remote;
And in my breast it seemed like star-rise.

I feel you still, a firm, strong tremulo,
Such as the trees feel in the early spring
When the sap drips from the snapped boughs into the snow;
While I am to you no more than an old tune
Five years worn-out, whose still familiar swing
Faintly recalls some evening under the moon.